

ACTION-PACKED TALES OF REAL COMBAT!

# BATTLE CRY

SECTION 8

A PINT OF  
PLASMA!

The  
METER  
READER

JULY '52  
10c

IT TOOK PLENTY  
OF GUTS, BLOOD AND  
HEARTBREAK TO TAKE  
THIS RIDGE... AND  
NO CRUMMY REDS  
ARE GONNA KNOCK  
US OFFA IT!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





AMAZING! AT TREMENDOUS SAVINGS!

# NEWEST RECORDS

Hit Parade  
Break-Resistant  
Vinylite Filled

18

CHOOSE ...

- ☐ HIT PARADE TUNES  
or  
☐ MOST LOVED HYMNS  
or  
☐ HILL BILLY HITS

**IMPORTANT NOTICE!**

These tunes are CONSTANTLY kept up to date—only the newest tunes are kept on the list.

**ORDER BY MAIL AT 500% SAVINGS!**

REGULAR 10" RECORDS  
Used On All Standard  
78 R.P.M. Phonographs  
and Record Players.

YOUR FAVORITE  
GROUP OF SONGS!

ONLY **\$2.98**  
\$16.02 VALUE  
18 TUNES!

YOU  
GET

A \$16.02  
Value  
For \$2.98  
You SAVE  
\$13.04

Now, for the **FIRST TIME**—You can have the **BRAND NEW ALL-TIME HITS** and **POPULAR RECORDINGS**—18 **NEWEST All-Time Hits**, favorites in all—for the **AMAZING**, unbelievable **LOW PRICE** of only **\$2.98**. That's right, 18 **TOP SELECTIONS** that if bought separately would cost up to **\$16.02** in stores, on separate records—**YOURS** by mail for only **\$2.98!** YES, you can now get 18 **HIT PARADE** songs—the **LATEST**, the **NEWEST** nation-wide **POPULAR TUNES**—or 18 of the most **POPULAR HILL BILLY** tunes—some of these tunes are not yet sold by stores—or you get almost a whole complete album of your most wanted **HYMNS**. These are tunes you have always wanted. They will give you hours of pleasure. You can choose from **THREE DIFFERENT GROUPS**—on newest, most sensational **BREAK-RESISTANT** records! These amazing records are 6-IN-1 records—6 songs to a record! They are brand new and play three times as many songs as regular records, and they play on regular 78 R.P.M. speed and fit all Type 78 R.P.M. standard **phonograph** and record players. These are all perfect, **BREAK-RESISTANT**, Vinylite records free from defects. **RUSH YOUR ORDER** for your favorite group **NOW!** ORDER ALL **THREE GROUPS** and **SAVE** even **MORE MONEY**, only **\$2.98** per group.

**SUPPLY LIMITED.** That's why we urge you to fill in and mail coupon now! Play these 18 selections ordered, use the **NEW GIFT** surface saving needle, for 10 days at home. If you are not delighted, if you don't feel these are the **BEST SOUNDING** records for the price, return within 10 days for **FULL REFUND**. Don't delay, send **\$2.98** in check or money order, or put three one dollar bills in the mail with this coupon and **SAVE POSTAGE—DON'T DELAY, MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

**FREE!**

If you **RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW** you get at NO EXTRA COST whatever a **SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE!** ORDER 18 Hit Parade Tunes or 18 Hill Billy Hits or 18 Most Loved Hymns or ORDER ALL THREE SETS FOR only \$2.98. But, **SUPPLY IS LIMITED**, so order at once. **SEND COUPON TODAY.** Order not on Money-Back Guarantee.

**MAIL COUPON NOW—10-DAY TRIAL OFFER**

HIT TUNES COMPANY, Dept. 88,  
318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

Gentlemen: Please **RUSH** the 18 Top Selections along with the **GIFT SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE** on your **NO-RISK 10 Day Money Back Guarantee**. I enclose \$2.98 for each group of 18 selections with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied you will return my money.

☐ 18 Hit Parade Tunes \$2.98  
☐ 18 Hill Billy Hits \$2.98  
☐ 18 Hymns \$2.98  
☐ All Three Groups, 54 SONGS \$7.98

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Brand New Discovery—6-IN-1 Vinylite **BREAK-Resistant** Records—Play Up To 10 Full Minutes



## 18 HIT PARADE TUNES

Domino  
Undecided  
Cold, Cold Heart  
Because Of You  
It's No Sin  
Dawn Treader  
I Got Ideas  
Slow Poke  
Tell Me Why?  
Just One More Chance



Cry  
Turn Back The  
Hands of Time  
The Little White  
Cloud That Cried  
Charmaine  
Anytime  
Jealousy  
Shrimp Beats  
Be My Life's  
Companion

## 18 HILL BILLY HITS

It Is No Secret  
May The Good Lord  
Bless and Keep You  
My Dear  
Give Me More, More, More  
Music Makin' Mamma  
from Memphis  
Baby, We're Really in  
Love  
I Wanna Play House  
With You  
Hey, Good Lookin'  
Too Old To Cut The  
Mustard



Let's Live a Little  
Always Late  
Cryin' Heart Blues  
Cold, Cold Heart  
Somebody's Been  
Boothin' My Time  
Slow Poke  
Let Old Mother Na-  
ture Have Her Way  
Crazy Heart  
Mom And Dad's  
Waltz

## 18 MOST LOVED HYMNS

The Lord's Prayer  
O Sacred, Christian  
Soldier  
What a Friend We  
Have in Jesus  
Chorus in The  
Willowood  
In The Garden  
Faith of Our  
Fathers  
There Is Power in  
The Blood  
The Learning On  
The Everlasting Arm  
Since Jesus Came  
Into My Heart



Trust On Me  
Jesus Keep Me Near  
The Cross  
Softly And Tenderly  
Dear Lord And Father  
Of Mankind  
A Mighty Fortress  
Sun Of My Soul  
Just A Closer Walk  
With Thee  
It Is No Secret  
What God Can Do  
May The Good Lord  
Bless And Keep  
You

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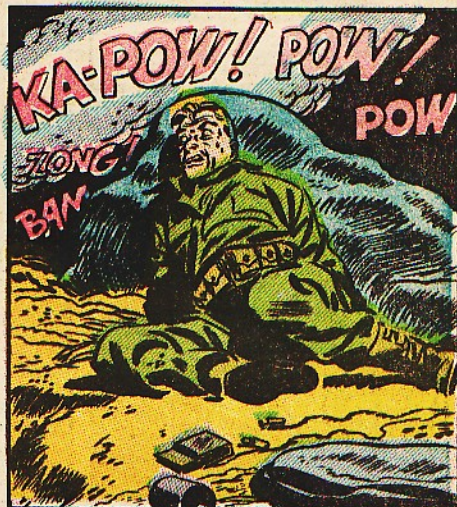


**PVT. LENNY BULLER** WASN'T A **COWARD**, BUT HE CERTAINLY WASN'T A **HERO**! HE JUST DON'T BELIEVE IN TAKING CHANCES, AND HECK, A GUY COULD GET KILLED IN A COMBAT AREA... **EASILY!** SO THAT'S WHY HE WAS BUCKING HARD...BUCKING FOR A...

# SECTION 8!



THE SHOOTING STARTED, AND YOU RAN, LENNY! NOW YOU LIE COWERING BEHIND A ROCK, **LOOKING SCARED...STIFF...**



**BUT ARE YOU REALLY, LENNY? OR WAS IT JUST PART OF A WELL-PLANNED ACT?**

**HUHHN!** THOSE SUCKERS THINK I'VE **REALLY** GONE OFF MY **ROCKER!** A FEW MORE SHOWS LIKE THIS ONE AND I'LL BE BACK IN THE REAR AREA... MAYBE EVEN IN JAPAN!



LETTERING BY





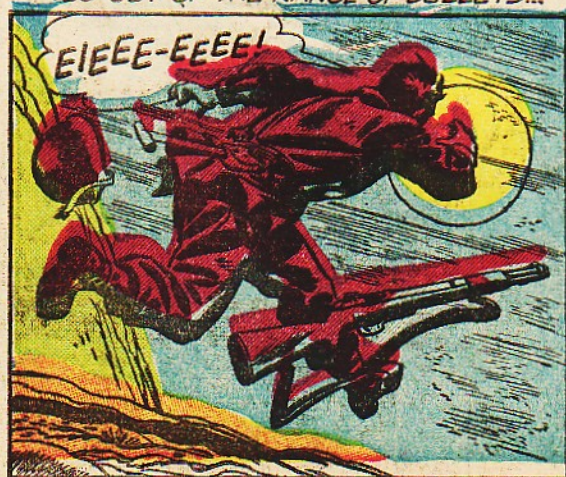
SO THEY STUCK YOU OUT ON GUARD THAT NIGHT... AND YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT...

WOTTA **JERK** THAT SERGEANT IS! THINKS HE'S GONNA MAKE A **REAL** SOLDIER OUTA ME! BOY... WOTTA **JERK!**



SO YOU WENT INTO THE NEXT PHASE OF YOUR ACT... AN ACT THAT WOULD TAKE YOU OUT OF THE RANGE OF BULLETS...

EIEEE-EIEEE!







IT'S OKAY, KID, I UNDER-  
STAND! IT HAPPENS TA  
THE BEST OF US! YOU'LL  
GET OVER IT!

NAW HE WON'T,  
HE'S **YELLA!** GOT  
A STREAK UP HIS  
BACK A YARD  
WIDE!



**YELLA?** I'LL SHOW YA WHO'S YELLA, YA CRUM!  
JUST 'CAUSE A GUY CAN'T TAKE COMBAT,  
DON'T MEAN HE'S A COWARD!



SURE, KID, **SURE!** CRACKIN' UP  
UNDER COMBAT DON'T MEAN  
YER **YELLA!** YOU'LL SNAP  
OUT OF IT!

GEE, I HOPE  
SO, SARGE...  
I HOPE SO!



C'MON, KID... BETTER  
HIT THE SACK! BIG  
ACTION T'MORROW,  
Y'KNOW!

YEH...YEH! BUT WHY DID  
YA HAFTA **REMIND** ME?  
NOW IT'LL BE ON MY  
MIND ALL NIGHT!

SURE, YOU THOUGHT ABOUT IT ALL NIGHT...THOUGHT  
WHAT YOU COULD DO THAT WOULD GET YOU  
OUT OF DANGER...



OKAY, YOU **JOES!**  
**PULL UP, DIG  
IN AND SIT  
TIGHT!**

THAT'S IT... **SIT TIGHT!**  
THANKS, SARGE... THAT'S  
THE GIMMICK I WAS  
LOOKIN' FOR!



...AND AS SOON AS THE  
BATTLE STARTS, I'LL BE OUTA  
HERE... AND FER **GOOD!**







I TOLD YA THAT GUY  
BULLER'S A COWARD!  
WHERE WAS HE WHEN  
TH' FIGHTIN' STARTED?

YEAH! MAYBE  
YER RIGHT,  
BILL... HEY,  
LOOK!



IT'S LENNY! HE'S BEEN HIT! AN' HE NEVER  
LET OUT A PEEP... JUST LAY THERE LIKE  
A MAN! HAND ME YER FIRST AID KIT,  
BILL, WE GOTTA FIX HIM UP!



I DIDN'T CHICKEN OUT,  
SARGE! I GOT HIT AND  
COULDN'T MOVE!

I KNOW, LENNY!  
AN' DON'T WORRY,  
YOU'RE GONNA  
BE OKAY!



HEY, BILL, SCOUT  
UP A JEEP... WE  
GOTTA GET  
THE KID TO A  
HOSPITAL!

HOSPITAL! I KNEW  
I'D GET OUT OF THIS  
MESS! MAYBE I'LL  
EVEN GET SENT  
HOME NOW!



AT THE AID STATION, AN AMBULANCE PICKED  
YOU UP.. AN AMBULANCE THAT WOULD TAKE  
YOU TO A FIELD HOSPITAL... AND TO **FREEDOM!**

HOW LONG YOU FIGURE  
I'LL BE IN THE HOSPITAL,  
MEDIC? WOUND LOOKS  
PRETTY BAD,  
DOESN'T IT?

I'VE SEEN WORSE!  
OUGHTA BE THERE  
A FEW DAYS,  
THAT'S ALL!

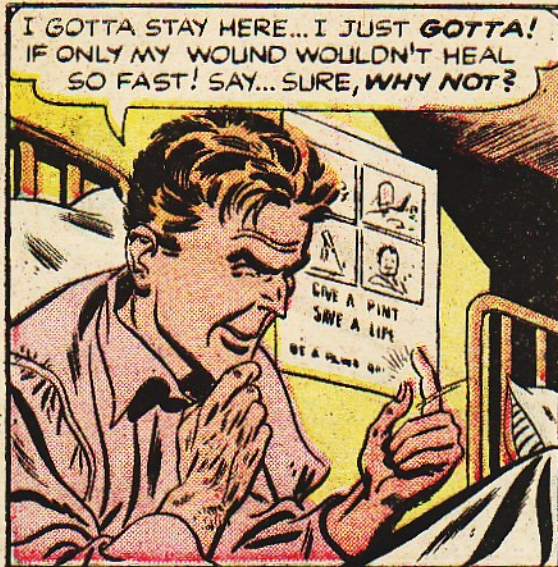


YOU'LL BE OUT OF HERE  
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT,  
SOLDIER! THEN YOU  
CAN GET BACK  
TO YOUR  
OUTFIT!

NUTS TO THAT,  
DOC! I'M STAYIN'  
HERE FER QUITE  
A SPELL!





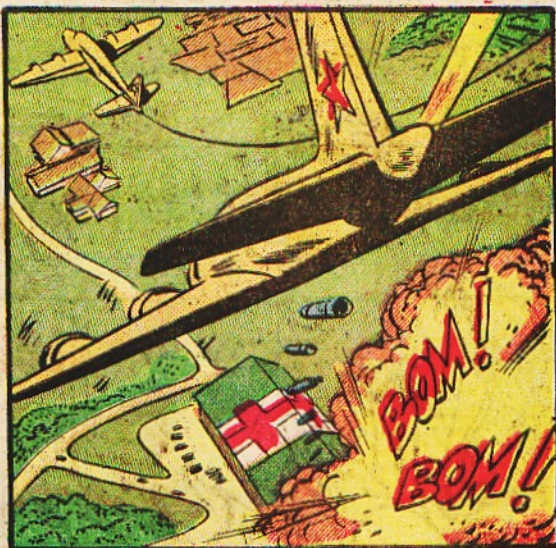


SO YOU RIPPED THE BANDAGE OFF AND CAUSED  
THE WOUND TO BLEED. BUT THE MEDICS ARE  
JUST AS SMART AS YOU ARE, LENNY...

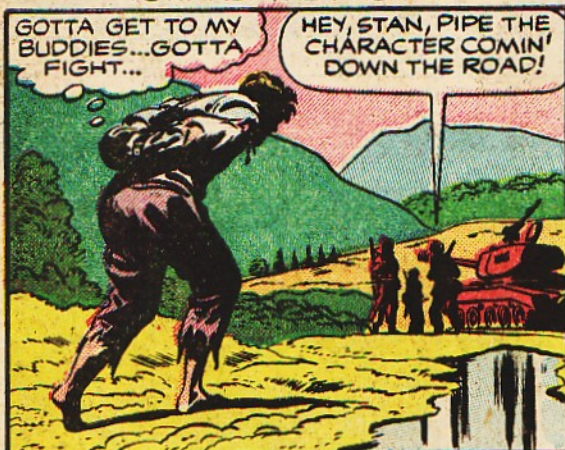




SO YOUR PLAN BACKFIRED, LENNY... BUT THAT WASN'T ALL, FOR JUST THEN...



BUT BY SOME STRANGE TWIST OF FATE, YOU MANAGED TO SURVIVE THE WRACK AND RUIN, LENNY! AND NOW YOU FIND YOURSELF STUMBLING DOWN A KOREAN ROAD TOWARD THE FRONT...

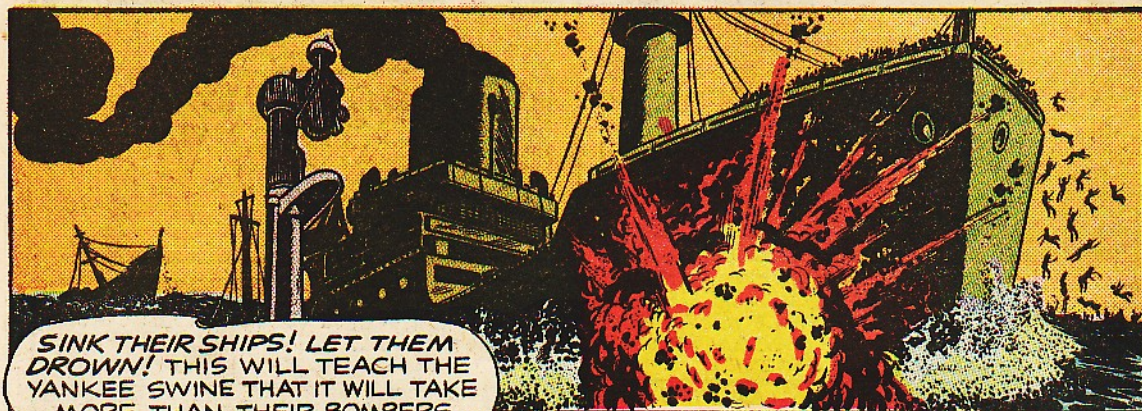


END.



**O**NE OF THE BIGGEST OBSTACLES TO AN ALLIED VICTORY WERE THE GERMAN U-BOATS WHICH ROAMED THE SEAS IN SEARCH OF THEIR QUARRY! THESE WOLF-PACKS ACCOUNTED FOR AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF TONNAGE DURING THE DARK DAYS OF 1942-43, AND UNTIL THE SEAS WERE CLEARED OF ENEMY SUBS, VICTORY COULD NOT BE OURS! THIS IS A TALE OF ONE PHASE OF THAT PROGRAM...  
A PHASE CALLED...

# OPERATION: **EXTERMINATOR**



**SINK THEIR SHIPS! LET THEM DROWN! THIS WILL TEACH THE YANKEE SWINE THAT IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN THEIR BOMBERS... TO WIPE OUT THE GLORIOUS DESTINY OF THE FATHERLAND!**



MORTELLARO

**IN THE OFFICE OF AIR OPERATIONS...**

JUST RECEIVED WORD FROM HEADQUARTERS! OUR SHIPPING LOSSES IN THE BALTIC HAVE GONE UP AGAIN! CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, ESPECIALLY SINCE WE'VE KNOCKED OUT THE SUB-PENS AT DIEPPE AND ST. NAZAIRRE!

THEN OUR JOB IS TO FIND SOME NEW BASE THAT THEY'RE OPERATING FROM... BUT WHERE?

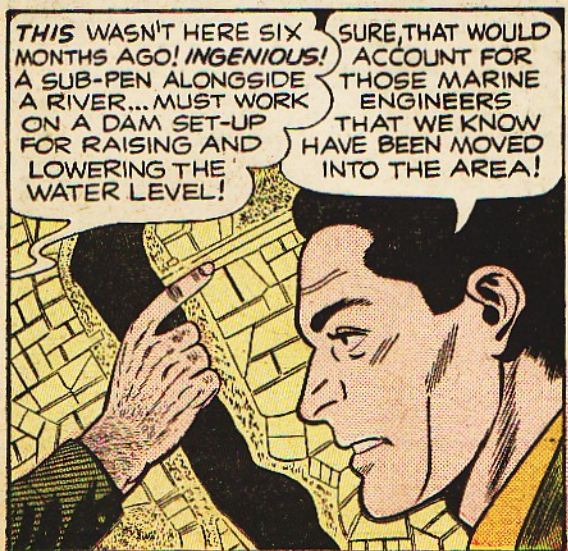
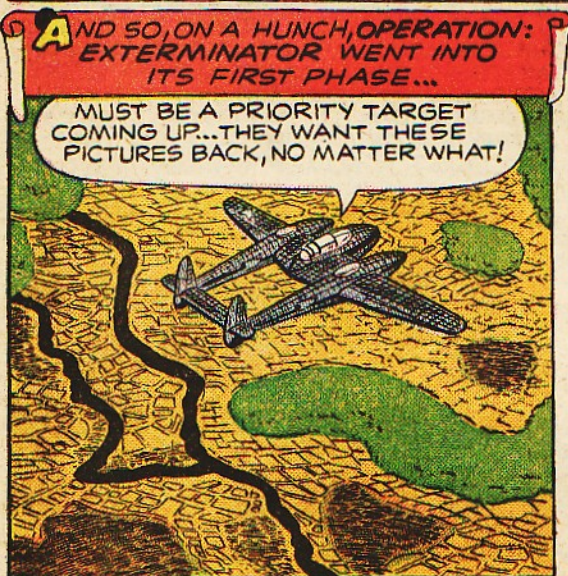
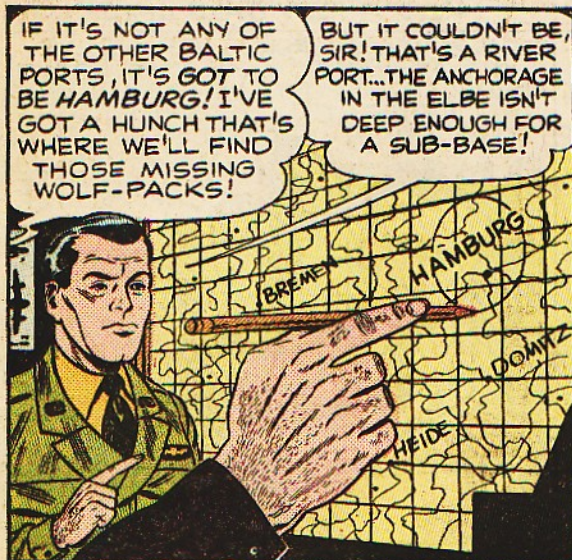


AIR RECON HAS BEEN COVERING ALL THE BALTIC PORTS FOR WEEKS, AND REPORTS NO SIGN OF A SUB-PEN!

WELL, IT'S UP THERE SOMEWHERE... AND WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY IT!









**BUT THE GERMANS HAD PREPARED FOR THE AERIAL ONSLAUGHT...**



THEY FOUND OUR BASE, SCHMIDT!

YES, BUT TO BOMB THROUGH 20 FEET OF CONCRETE IS ANOTHER THING!

**AND A FEW DAYS LATER...**

THOSE BOMBERS WEREN'T THE ANSWER! INTELLIGENCE REPORTS THAT PEN IS STILL OPERATING!

YES, SIR, WE JUST FOUND OUT THEY'RE REINFORCED WITH 20 FEET OF CONCRETE... EVEN OUR BLOCKBUSTERS CAN'T CLOBBER THAT!



BUT WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! WE LOST MORE TONNAGE THIS MONTH THAN EVER BEFORE!

THE ONLY WAY IS FROM THE SEA, SIR! IT'S A CINCH: OUR BOMBERS CAN'T DO THIS JOB... AND SINCE IT'S GOT TO BE FROM THE WATER, I SAY TURN THE JOB OVER TO THE NAVY!



... AND THAT'S THE JOB, MEN! ANY SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO GET OPERATION: EXTERMINATOR ROLLING?

WELL, SIR, SINCE WE CAN'T GET IN THERE WITH SURFACE CRAFT, I'D SAY LET A SUB TAKE SOME FROGMEN IN AT NIGHT, AND LET THEM DO THE REST!

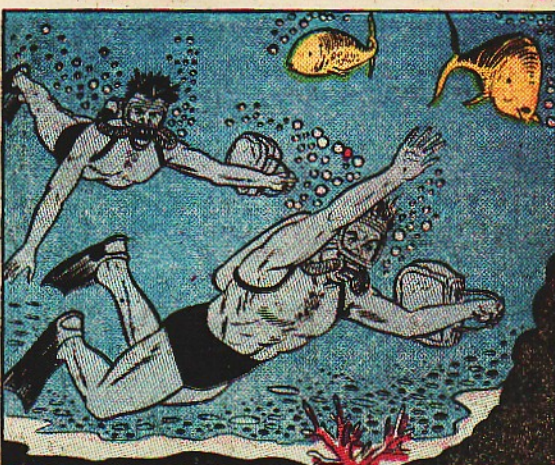
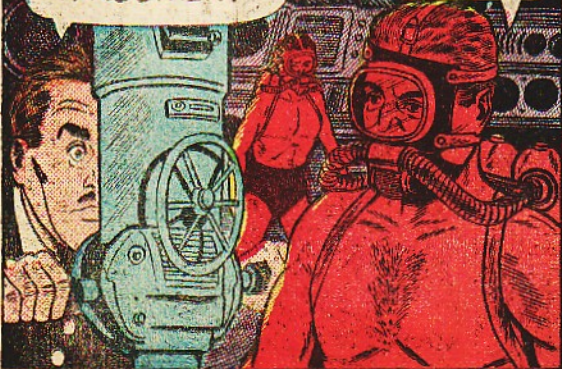
SURE... IF ANYBODY CAN GET IN THERE WITH EXPLOSIVES... IT'S THE FROGMEN!



**AND A FEW NIGHTS LATER...**

WE'RE OUTSIDE THE HARBOR, LIEUTENANT. WE'LL SURFACE SO YOU AND YOUR MEN CAN SHOVE OFF... THEN IT'S UP TO YOU FROGMEN!

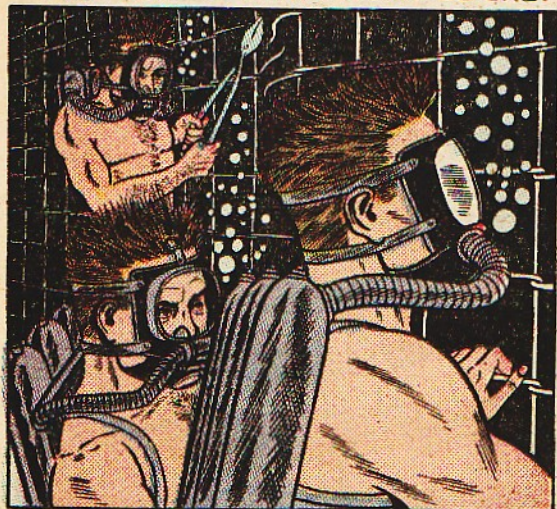
GIVE US TWO HOURS, SIR... WE SHOULD MAKE IT BACK BY THEN!



THE FROGMEN ROLLED OFF AND HEADED TOWARD THEIR TARGET...THE WELL-GUARDED SUB-PEN NEAR THE ELBE RIVER!



**B**UT THE APPROACH TO THE HIDDEN SUB-NEST WAS NOT A SIMPLE ONE!

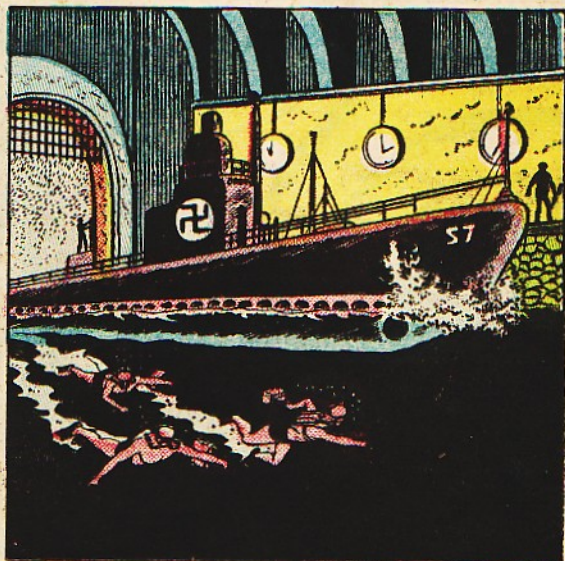
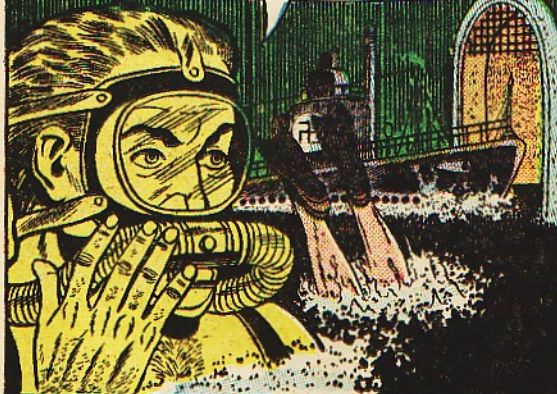


THERE IT IS, MEN! LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GOT A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAITING FOR US! BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE THAT PEN...BUT HOW?

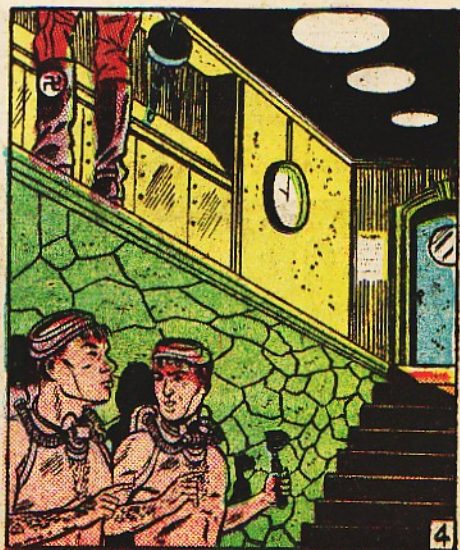
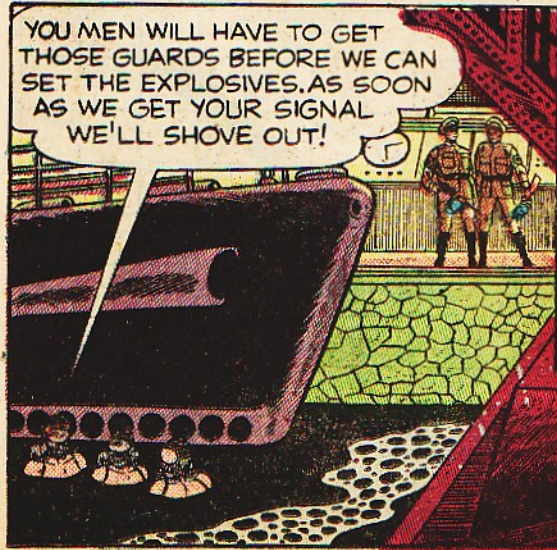


**AND AT THAT INSTANT...**

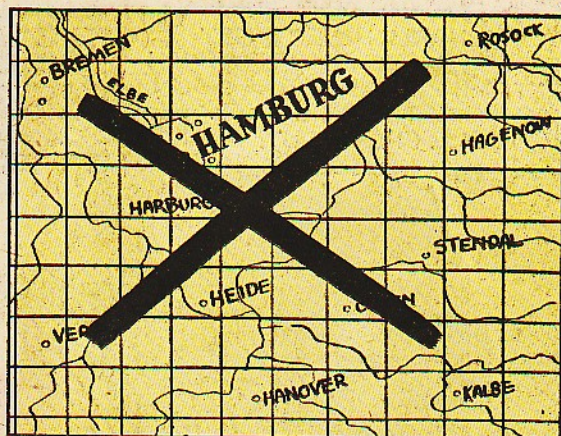
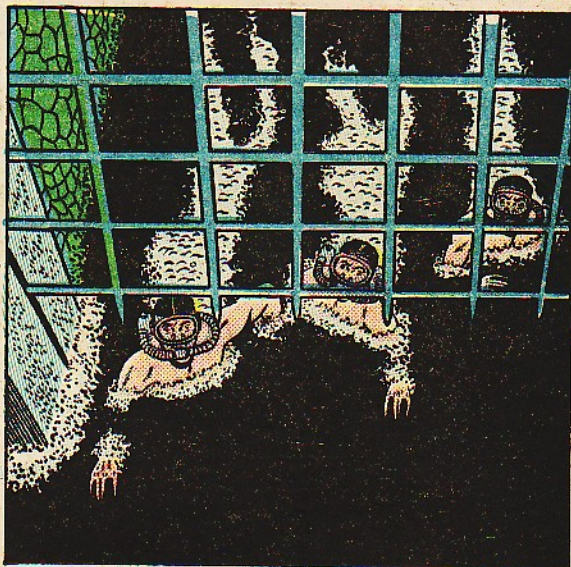
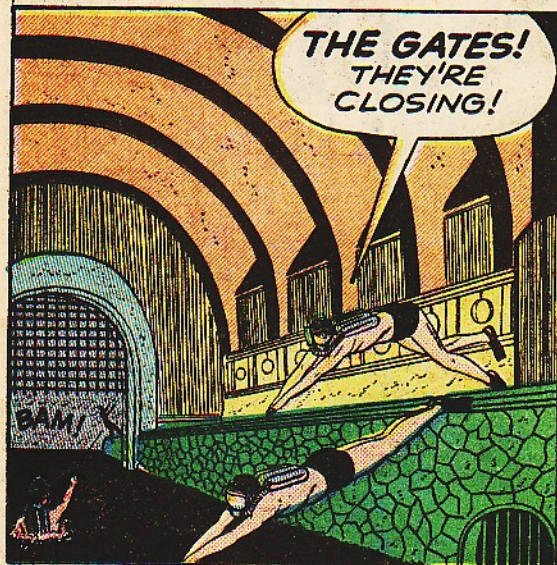
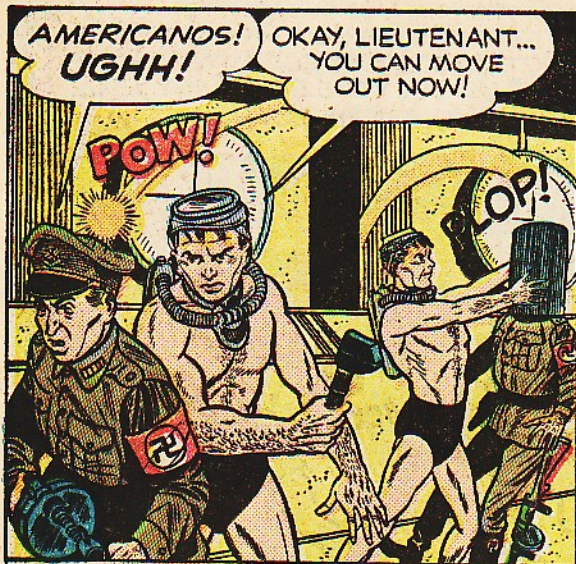
HERE'S OUR TICKET TO THE PARTY, MEN... WHEN THEY OPEN THOSE GATES TO LET THE SUB IN, THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE A COUPLE OF HITCH HIKERS... US!



YOU MEN WILL HAVE TO GET THOSE GUARDS BEFORE WE CAN SET THE EXPLOSIVES. AS SOON AS WE GET YOUR SIGNAL WE'LL SHOVE OUT!



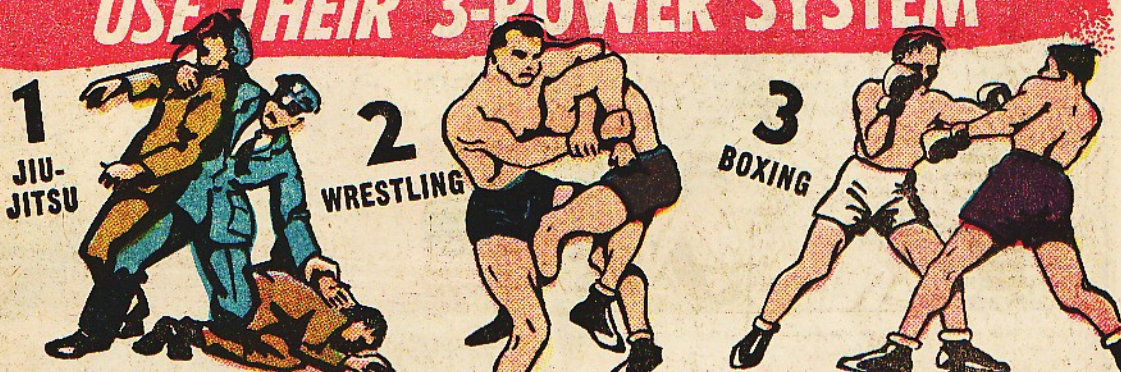




...AND SO ENDED THE U-BOAT MENACE IN  
THE BALTIC...THANKS TO A HANDFUL OF  
FROGMEN...WHO WERE THE EXECUTORS OF  
OPERATION: EXTERMINATOR!



# When You Have To Defend Yourself Do What The EXPERTS Do! USE THEIR 3-POWER SYSTEM



## OVERCOME ANY ENEMY

**No matter how big he is  
or how small you are!**

**Now!**

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for your  
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*Act Now,  
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In every dynamite-packed page, experts teach you through pictures and stories. How you can K.O. your enemy with one clean scientific wallop! How to master him with punishing, bruising, wrestling holds! How to use his strength to destroy himself through deadly Jiu-Jitsu.

Never again cringe or shy away from a bully. Imagine the wonderful thrill of confidence to know that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect others will have for you, the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough and ready scrapping, deadly-efficient he-man you can be.

You learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in your own home. But you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want everyone to know how to defend himself. They want to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price was made so low that everyone could afford to have these instructions. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

We want you to have all three books containing the 3-Power System. We want you to be able to defend yourself against any attacker, no matter how he fights. Therefore, we'll send you all 3 books for the price of only 2 if you act now!

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As taught to  
Marines, "G"  
men, etc.  
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BOXING  
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Muscle Building  
50c

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Police Wrestling,  
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ALL THREE  
ONLY 1.00

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50c each

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Make us prove our claims. Send no money, unless you prefer. When the postman delivers your package, deposit only \$1.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. You must be completely convinced after five days, or return the books and your money will be refunded. Don't wait until trouble strikes. Prepare NOW.

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(If you check two books, we will send you the third without additional charge)

☐ Enclosed find \$..... Please send the books all charges prepaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay on delivery, plus postage and C.O.D. charges. (No C.O.D. for less than \$1.00).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.

No G.O.B. to APO, FPO, or outside U.S.A.

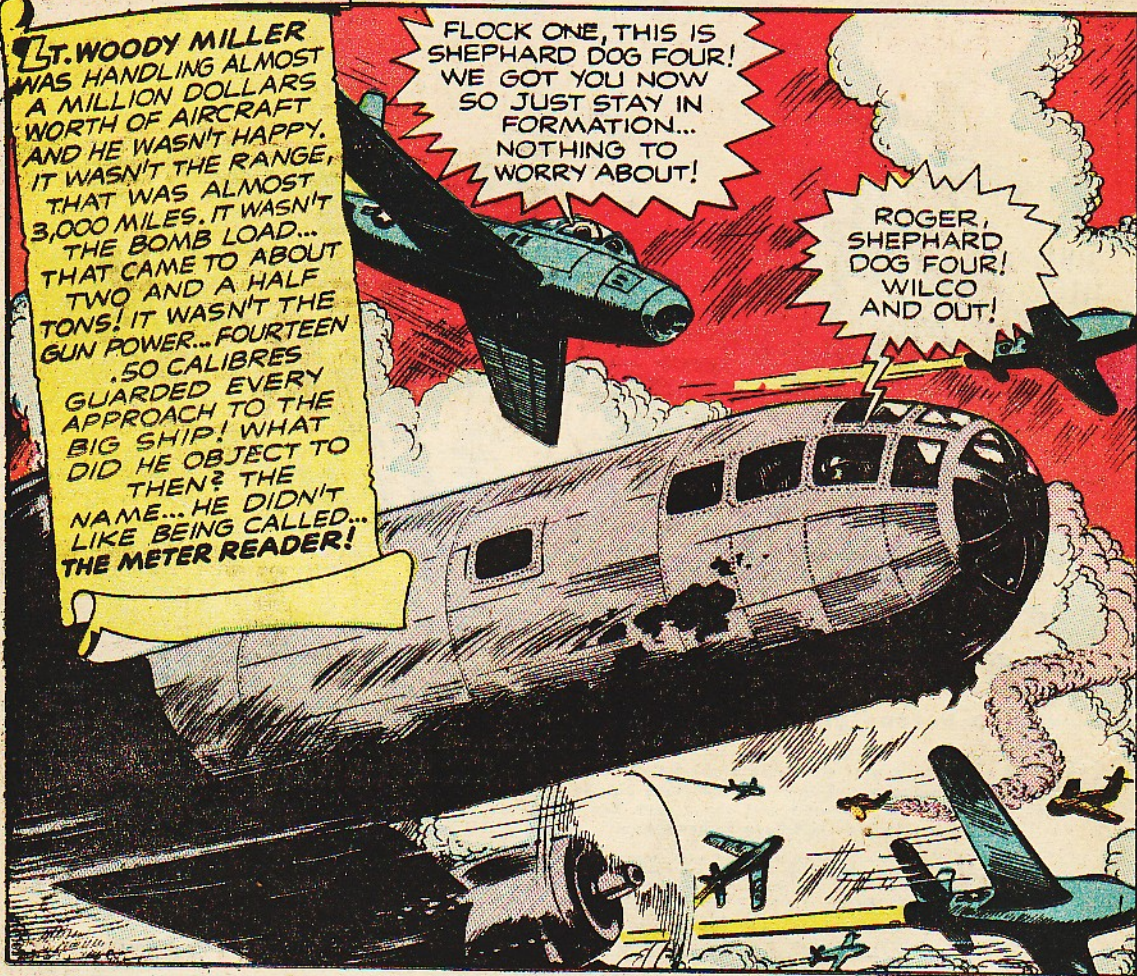


# The METER READER

**LT. WOODY MILLER** WAS HANDLING ALMOST A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF AIRCRAFT AND HE WASN'T HAPPY. IT WASN'T THE RANGE, THAT WAS ALMOST 3,000 MILES. IT WASN'T THE BOMB LOAD... THAT CAME TO ABOUT TWO AND A HALF TONS! IT WASN'T THE GUN POWER... FOURTEEN .50 CALIBRES GUARDED EVERY APPROACH TO THE BIG SHIP! WHAT DID HE OBJECT TO THEN? THE NAME... HE DIDN'T LIKE BEING CALLED... **THE METER READER!**

FLOCK ONE, THIS IS SHEPHERD DOG FOUR! WE GOT YOU NOW SO JUST STAY IN FORMATION... NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

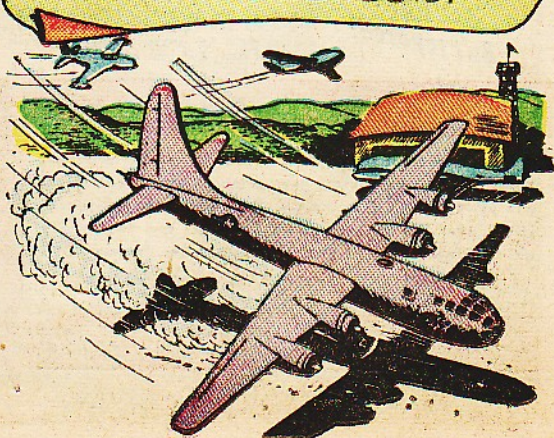
ROGER, SHEPHERD DOG FOUR! WILCO AND OUT!



LOOK AT 'EM, LANG... **BEAUTIFUL**, AREN'T THEY? THAT'S THE WAY TO FLY... **ALONE!** WITH NOTHING BUT YOU AND THE SHIP AND THE SKY! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A **PILOT!**

THAT'S ALL I **EVER** HEAR FROM YOU, MILLER! EVERY TIME YOU SEE ONE OF THOSE AIR SCOOPERS, YOU START COMPLAINING! PERSONALLY, I LIKE THE "HEAVIES"... PLENTY OF ROOM TO MOVE AROUND IN!

**AND SO THE TINY JETS** HERDED THE BIG BOMBER SAFELY BACK TO ITS OWN BASE... **CHALK UP ANOTHER SAVE FOR THE FIGHTER BOYS!**





AND IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM...

THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN! THEY PICKED US UP OUTSIDE OF HAMHUNG. WE HAD ALREADY LOST AN ENGINE TO FLAK, SO WE WERE LIKE SITTING DUCKS!

YEAH, IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE JET BOYS YOU COULD HAVE SCRATCHED ONE B-29!



IF YOU REALLY WANT TO FLY, COME ON DOWN TO MY BASE AND I'LL SHOW YOU A REAL SHIP! THAT CRATE YOU PUSH AROUND IS NOTHING BUT AN OVERSIZED TAXI CAB AND YOU'RE THE DRIVER! NEVER YET MET A METER READER WHO COULD HANDLE A REAL HOT SHIP!



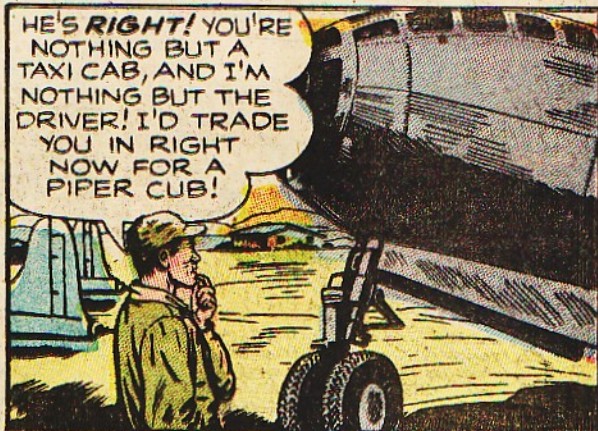
YOU MUST BE ONE OF THE JET PILOTS, HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND THIS BASE BEFORE! I'M THE PILOT OF THE B-29 YOU BOYS BROUGHT IN! WANT TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING US OUT... WE PILOTS GOTTA STICK TOGETHER!

YOU CALL YOURSELF A PILOT? NUTS, YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A METER READER! ALL YOU DO IS SIT BACK IN THAT PLUSH-LINED CABIN AND READ DIALS ALL DAY...NOTHING TO FLYING LIKE THAT!



THE JET PILOT'S WORDS GOT UNDER MILLER'S SKIN. IT WAS SOMETHING THAT HAD BEEN BOTHERING HIM FOR A LONG TIME, AND THE TRUTH HURT!

HE'S RIGHT! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A TAXI CAB, AND I'M NOTHING BUT THE DRIVER! I'D TRADE YOU IN RIGHT NOW FOR A PIPER CUB!



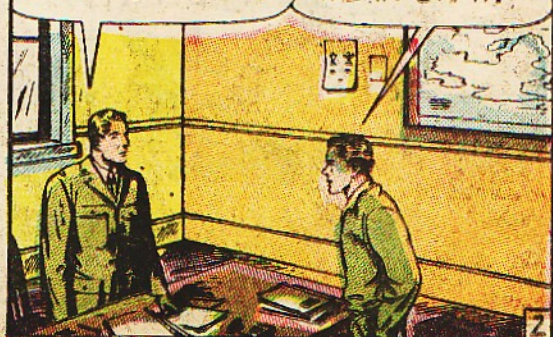
HEY, LIEUTENANT, I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER THE BASE FOR YOU! THE C.O. WANTS TO SEE YOU, BUT FAST! C'MON, HOP IN AND I'LL DRIVE YOU OVER!

WHAT...OH, YES! SURE, SARGEANT! SURE! JUST WANTED TO DO A LITTLE THINKING, THAT'S ALL!



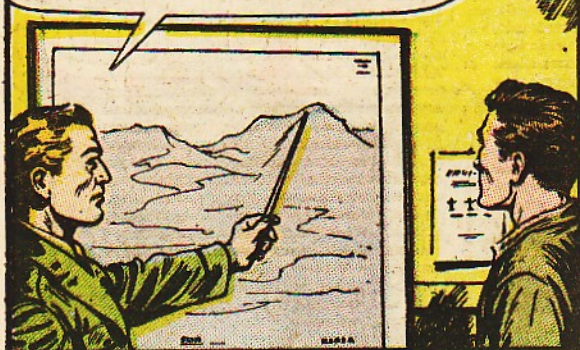
GOT A JOB FOR YOU AND YOUR SHIP, MILLER! WOULD HAVE LIKED TO USED SOME JETS, BUT THEY DON'T HAVE A BIG ENOUGH BOMB LOAD, SO I'LL HAVE TO USE A 29! CARE TO TRY IT?

YOU GOT YOURSELF A BOY, COLONEL! ANYTIME THERE'S A JOB FOR A BOMBER THAT A JET CAN'T HANDLE, YOU CAN COUNT ME IN ON IT!





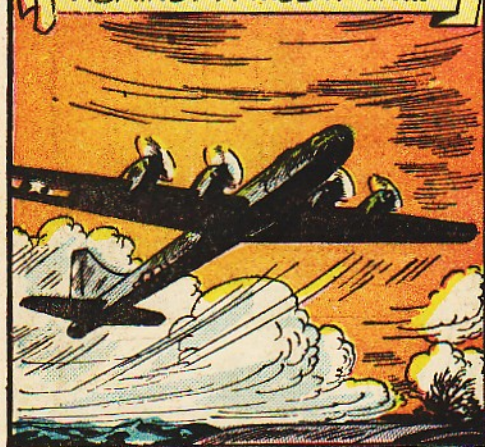
THE REDS ARE BUILDING THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN. PROBABLY A NEW SUPPLY ROUTE. IF THEY CAN GET IT THROUGH, THE 8TH ARMY STANDS A GOOD CHANCE OF GETTING ITS WESTERN FLANK TURNED. WE WANT THAT MOUNTAIN BLOWN **SKY-HIGH!**



YOU'LL USE A STRIPPED-DOWN 29, SO YOU'LL GET SOME MORE SPEED OUT OF IT! AND YOU'RE CARRYING SIX ONE THOUSAND POUNDS! IT HAS TO BE JUST ONE SHIP, 'CAUSE IF A WHOLE MISSION WENT OUT, THE RED AIR FORCE WOULD BE WAITING FOR IT! IT'S UP TO YOU HOW YOU CARRY OUT THE BOMB RUN...BUT DON'T MISS, MILLER... **DON'T MISS!**



**A** FEW DAYS LATER, A LONE B-29 ROSE SLOWLY INTO THE AIR...THE FIRST LEG IN ITS MISSION AGAINST A MOUNTAIN...



GEE, IT SURE IS LONELY WITHOUT THE REST OF THE CREW CHATTERING ON THE INTERPHONE!

**NUTS!** THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN WE CAN HANDLE IT **ALONE!** YOU HEARD WHAT THE COLONEL SAID...NOW GIVE ME SOME MORE THROTTLE ON NO. 3 ENGINE...LET'S SEE HOW FAST THIS CRATE CAN **REALLY GO!**

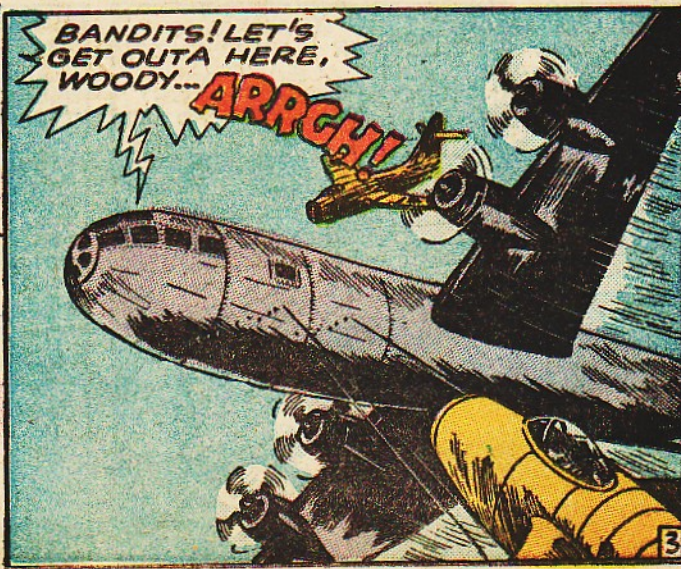


**T**HE B-29 CRUISED ALONG UNCHECKED TOWARD NORTH KOREA. BUT THEN...

**BELOW US!  
A YANKEE  
BOMBER...AND  
ALONE! LET'S  
TAKE IT!**



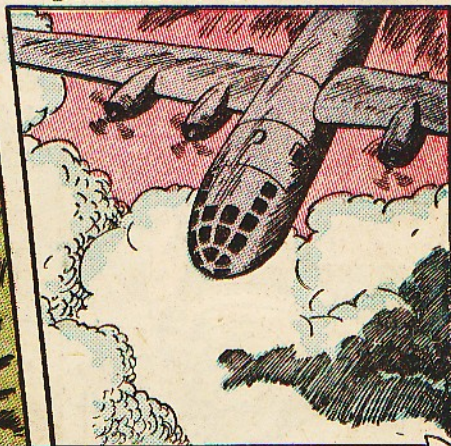
**BANDITS! LET'S  
GET OUTA HERE,  
WOODY...  
ARRGH!**



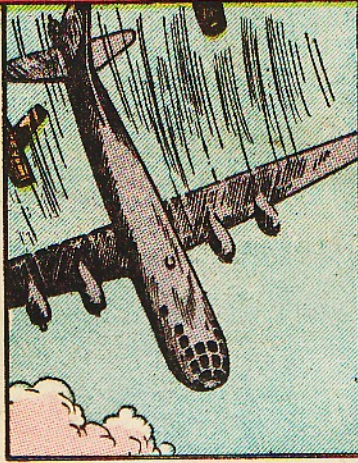


HE'S DEAD! THAT FIRST BURST GOT HIM! WELL, THEY AIN'T TAKIN' ME... HERE'S WHERE WOODY BECOMES A REAL FLY-BOY!

WOODY KICKED THE STICK FORWARD AND THE BIG SHIP WENT INTO A DIVE... STRAIGHT DOWN!



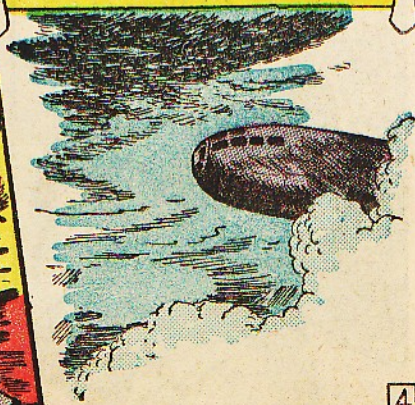
DOWN AND DOWN THE "HEAVY" PLUMMETED. STRAIGHT AT THE GROUND THAT SEEMED TO BE RISING TO MEET IT. AND AT THE LAST INSTANT, BY BRUTE STRENGTH, LT. WOODY MILLER, PULLED THE BIG SHIP OUT OF IT... JUST IN TIME TO SEE...



TWO OF THEM! THEY COULDN'T PULL OUT IN TIME! C'MON, HONEY, LET'S WHEEL AND DEAL, WE STILL GOT COMPANY!



GETTING THE JUMP ON THE TWO REMAINING MIGS, MILLER PULLED THE B-29 INTO THE SHELTER OF A FRIENDLY CLOUD...

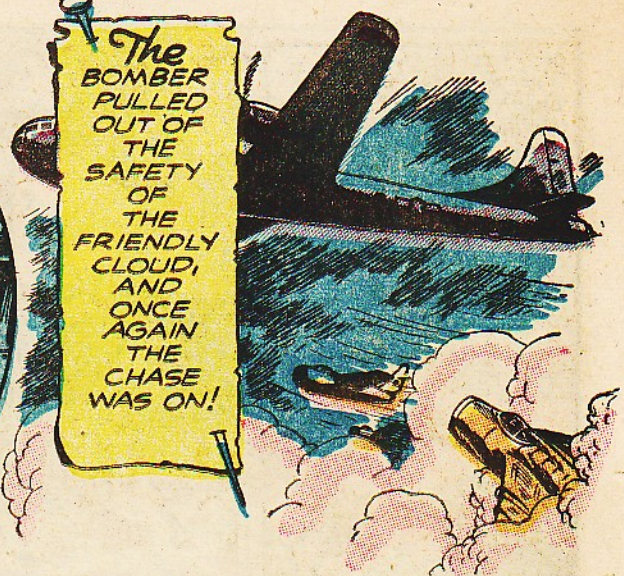




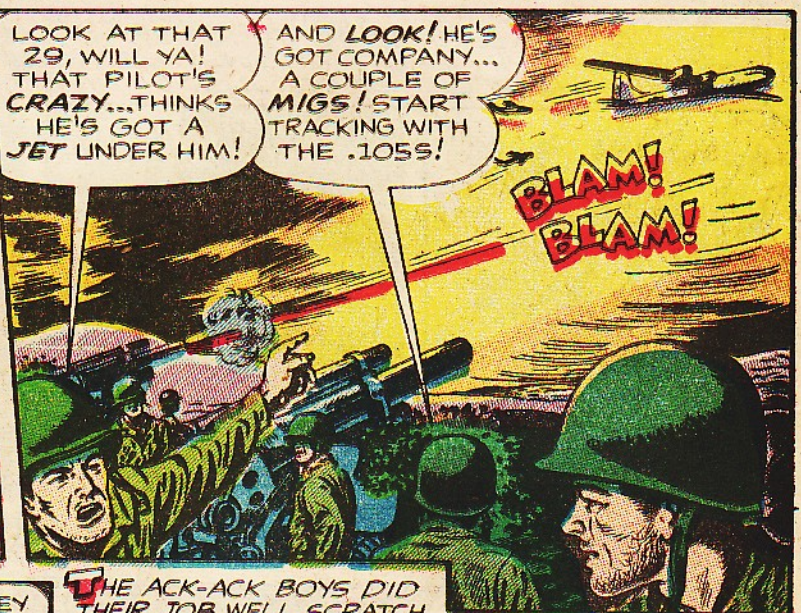


I'M SAFE IN HERE FOR A WHILE, BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER! HMMM... ABOUT THIRTY MILES TO HEARTBREAK RIDGE... OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO MAKE THAT! GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE PLANNED UP THERE!

The BOMBER PULLED OUT OF THE SAFETY OF THE FRIENDLY CLOUD, AND ONCE AGAIN THE CHASE WAS ON!



FOOLED YOU THAT TIME, DIDN'T I? NEVER EXPECTED A BOMBER TO PULL A VERTICAL CLIMB, DID YOU? WELL, NEITHER DID I?



LOOK AT THAT 29, WILL YA! THAT PILOT'S CRAZY... THINKS HE'S GOT A JET UNDER HIM!

AND LOOK! HE'S GOT COMPANY... A COUPLE OF MIGS! START TRACKING WITH THE .10SS!

BLAM!  
BLAM!



HEY, HE'S COMING BACK! BET THEY DON'T EVEN SUSPECT WHAT HE'S DOING! THIS SHOULD BE LIKE KNOCKING OFF CLAY PIGEONS! START FIRING!

THE ACK-ACK BOYS DID THEIR JOB WELL. SCRATCH TWO MIGS!



MILLER CAME BACK FOR ANOTHER RUN OVER THE GUNNERS... HAD TO SAY THANKS, DIDN'T HE?

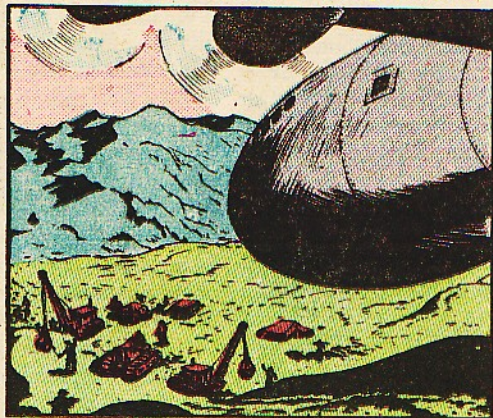




BETTER STAY ON THE DECK. CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER CHANCE ON BEING SPOTTED! I OUGHTA BE ON TARGET IN ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES, AND I GOTTA TAKE IT FROM THIS HEIGHT. I'M ONLY GETTING **ONE CRACK** AT IT... CAN'T AFFORD TO **MISS!**



**M**ILLER CAME IN RIGHT ON THE TARGET! THE REDS WERE SO STUNNED BY THE AUDACITY OF THE ATTACK, THAT THEY OFFERED NO DEFENSE... HE HAD CAUGHT THEM WITH THEIR PANTS DOWN!



**T**HE THREE TONS OF DESTRUCTION WERE RELEASED... THREE TONS THAT WERE TO DESTROY A YEAR'S WORK IN A FEW TERRIFYING MOMENTS!



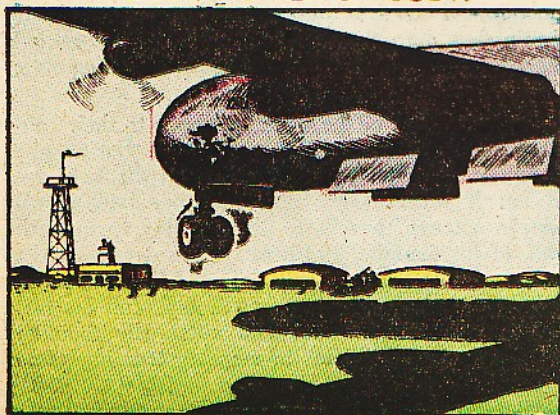
**ON TARGET!** SCRATCH ONE MOUNTAIN!



LOST AN ENGINE! BUT IT WAS **WORTH IT!** AND THIS BABY CAN TAKE IT! C'MON, HONEY, WE'RE GOING HOME... I GOT A DATE WITH SOME JET PILOTS!



**T**HE BIG BABY MADE IT! DESPITE THE BEATING AND THE POUNDING, SHE CAME HOME TO ROOST!



SO I BROUGHT HER IN LOW AT TREE-TOP... PULLED BACK ON THE STICK, AND LAID THE EGGS RIGHT IN THEIR LAPS!



...AND SO ENDED THE SAGA OF A **METER READER**. OF **LT. WOODY MILLER**, THE BOMBER PILOT WHO WANTED TO FLY THE PEASHOOTERS... AND WHO **DID!** WHO DID IT BY WHEELING AND DEALING, AND BY PUSHING A "HEAVY" ALL OVER THE SKYLINE LIKE IT HAD NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE! A PILOT'S A PILOT NO MATTER WHAT KIND OF A SHIP YOU PUT HIM IN... EVEN IN A "TAXI-CAB"!



# CURVE BALLING MARINE

I HEARD the sharp report as I rounded the barracks! Gook snipers! I hit the dirt and wondered how they had managed to infiltrate through our lines. We were a good forty miles from the front, and we hadn't seen a Commie for two weeks . . . and now they were within sniping distance of our rest camp!

I flinched as I heard the "snap" again. I dug further into the ground, trying to show as little of my body as possible. No sense in giving them too much of a target! If only the rest of my squad would learn to take cover this way, we wouldn't be back in this rest camp now waiting for some replacements.

I looked up as the sound of laughter bounced against my ears. This wasn't funny . . . the guy who was laughing ought to have his head examined! Then I saw him. A long string-bean type of character with a shock of red hair standing in front of me with his hands on his hips. And laughing so hard that the tears were streaming down his face!

Sheepishly I got to my feet and brushed the dirt from my green fatigues. Deliberately I walked over to the redhead. I shoved my face up at his and grabbed at his lapels.

"What's so funny, Marine?"

Powerful hands gripped my wrists and slowly twisted them off his collar.

"I don't like guys pawing me, even if they are sergeants! And if you think the sound of a baseball banging into a catcher's mitt sounds like rifle fire, I got every right in the world to think it's funny!"

Then, for the first time, I noticed the baseball glove stuck in his hip pocket and the other Marine with the catcher's glove and baseball. The two of them had been having a catch!

"What are you doing playing baseball? Don't you know there's a war going on?"

"Yeah, but it ain't going to last forever. And I gotta be ready to take up where I left off!"

The little guy with the catcher's glove butted in. "Yeah, don't you know who this is, Sarge? This is 'Lefty' Al Adams, who just signed a contract with the New York Giants. Only he got drafted before the season started."

I had heard the name before, read it in the sport-ing pages of the Division newspaper.

"So what. So now he's a Marine and he's gonna act like one. Those ain't baseball flannels you're wearing Adams, they're green fatigues! And as long as you are wearing them, you'll forget all about baseball and practice being a soldier. And from the looks of things, it's gonna take a lot of practice!"

Adams eyed me up and down. This guy didn't like me. Well, he was gonna like me less before this war was over.

"My free time is my own, Sarge. And if I want to keep in shape that's my business."

"Well, your free time ends right now! From now on I'll have you on every detail I can think of! And the two of you can start at the mess tent!"

The little guy started to complain, but one word from Adams shut him up. The two of them spun on their heels and walked toward the mess hall muttering under their breath.

I picked up my helmet and started to walk back to C.Q. I had been pretty hard on Adams and there wasn't any need for it. Just didn't like being made a fool of, I guess. But a top sergeant has to have the respect of his men. If he doesn't, he might just as well rip off his stripes and forget about the whole thing.

"Hey, Hale, c'mon in, we just got our orders. The company's moving up!"

That was my boss, Lt. Andy Ruffin calling me into his tent.

"Good, we've been sitting around here too long anyway. My squad is beginning to get soft."

He grinned at that. He knew I was too hard on my boys to let them get lazy.

"The trucks will be here tomorrow at dawn. Have your men ready in front of the C.Q. They're ready to go, aren't they?"

"Sure, but I'm short two men. Collings and Morse still haven't gotten back from the hospital and I haven't had any replacements for them."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. A fella named Adams has been assigned to your squad. Also a guy named Rodgers. Saw them playing ball a while ago. You should be able to find them."

ADAMS! So I was to be blessed with his company! Well, I had seen worse looking Marines, so maybe I could make a soldier out of him.

The day dawned cold and bleak and the men complained as they hoisted themselves and their equipment onto the halftracks. Then they settled down for the long trip northward, huddling next to each other trying to keep warm.

From the cab of the truck I listened to their conversation. Or rather his conversation. For it was Adams who did all the talking. And the boys ate it up. It wasn't every day that they had a real major leaguer to talk to. He regaled them with talk of his exploits, and how he was gonna set the league on fire when he got back, and the boys loved it. He told them about his curve ball, and his fast ball, and his slow ball, and about the time he struck out Ted Williams in a spring training game



... there was no stopping him. After a while, it even got on the fellas' nerves. They had seen blow-offs before, and after three hours of Adams, had tagged him as one. The cold weather and the cold shoulder was too much for him, and he humped into his parka and settled back on the wooden seat.

He had to be the whole show, or he didn't want to play!

The trucks finally ground to a halt several hours later. Some weary GIs grinned as we unloaded and made the usual comments of one soldier to another. But they liked our being there ... misery loves company, I guess.

Lt. Ruffin stomped off through the snow with an Army captain and the rest of us huddled around a worn out campfire trying to get some warmth. An hour later he came back and motioned to us. We got our equipment together and trudged off in the direction of the ridge lines that jutted into the sky like bony fingers. That's where the gooks were dug in, and we were gonna dig 'em out!

We had almost reached the top before the gooks opened up on us. It took a few minutes before we spotted their position, and it was Adams who found it. He whistled in amazement as he pointed up at the side of the cliff. They were dug in in such a position that a grenade would only bounce off their protective covering. And grenades were the heaviest fire power we could muster. The entrance to the bunker was away from us, and the area was too open for anyone to sneak around in front and lob in a grenade. True, they couldn't pick any of us off, but it was a cinch that they could hold us up until their big guns came into play and plastered the area where we were. We had to get past that bunker, but fast!

We pulled back a way, and talked the situation over. Nobody came up with an answer until I looked at Adams. Then I had it.

"You're always talkin' about all the curves you can throw ... even struck out Ted Williams on one, didn't you? Well, how's about getting up as close as you can and hooking a grenade into the entrance? If you're half as good as you say, you should be able to do it. The GREAT LEFTY ADAMS should be able to do anything!"

He paled at that, but didn't say a word. Just hefted a few grenades in his hand and started for the base of the cliff. Had to admit, the guy had guts.

About half way there his pal grabbed him by the arm and spun him around. I could see the two arguing but couldn't catch a word of it. The little guy kept pointing at his arm and shoulder, but Adams kept shrugging it off and pointing back at me. Finally the little guy gave up and returned to our line. He didn't say a word, but kept watching Adams, who by this time was on his hands and knees inching his way toward the base of the cliff.

He made it without being seen and flattened himself against the stone. He unhooked the grenades, eyed the distance, and went into his motion. It was beautiful to watch ... almost as if he had been on the mound at the Polo Grounds pitching against the Brooklyn Dodgers. We held our breath as the grenade flew out, then cheered madly as it suddenly hooked in and down and right into the entrance of the bunker. We waited for the smoke to clear and then yelled as we saw the figure of Adams stalking back through the snow. All of us were too excited to notice the left arm hanging limply at his side. None of us but his pal, who went dashing out to meet him. The two of them talked for a while, with Rodgers poking at the arm every once in a while. He brought Adams back and then came over to me. Before I knew it, the punk had laid one right on my jaw.

The next thing I remember was passing the ruined bunker and heading up the rest of the slope. I finally cornered Rodgers.

"What did ya poke me for? Don't you know there's a law against hitting a non-com? Whatta matter, sore at me cause I sent your hero out to do a man's job!"

His lips curled up in a contemptuous sneer. "Adams is more of a man than you'll ever hope to be."

"Why, just cause he did a neat job with a grenade? That don't make a man outa him!"

"You're so blind, you don't see what you did to him. Just ruined his career, that's all! Lobbing a grenade is one thing, but throwing it like a baseball is another. Especially when you have to curve it. It rips your arm and shoulder muscles all outa kilter. So much so, that he'll never be able to throw a ball again! That's what you did to him!"

Now I understood the concern Rodgers showed for Adams. Now I understood a lot of things. There was more to fighting a war than just pushing a bunch of guys so hard that they took it out on the enemy. I had to make it up to Adams in some way ... even if it meant my job.

I had a talk with the medics, and they told me what I wanted to know. The rest of the guys didn't like shelling out, but when I told them the story, the money just poured in. At least most of it did, some I had to get other ways. But I got it, the thousands of dollars it would take to get an operation on that arm.

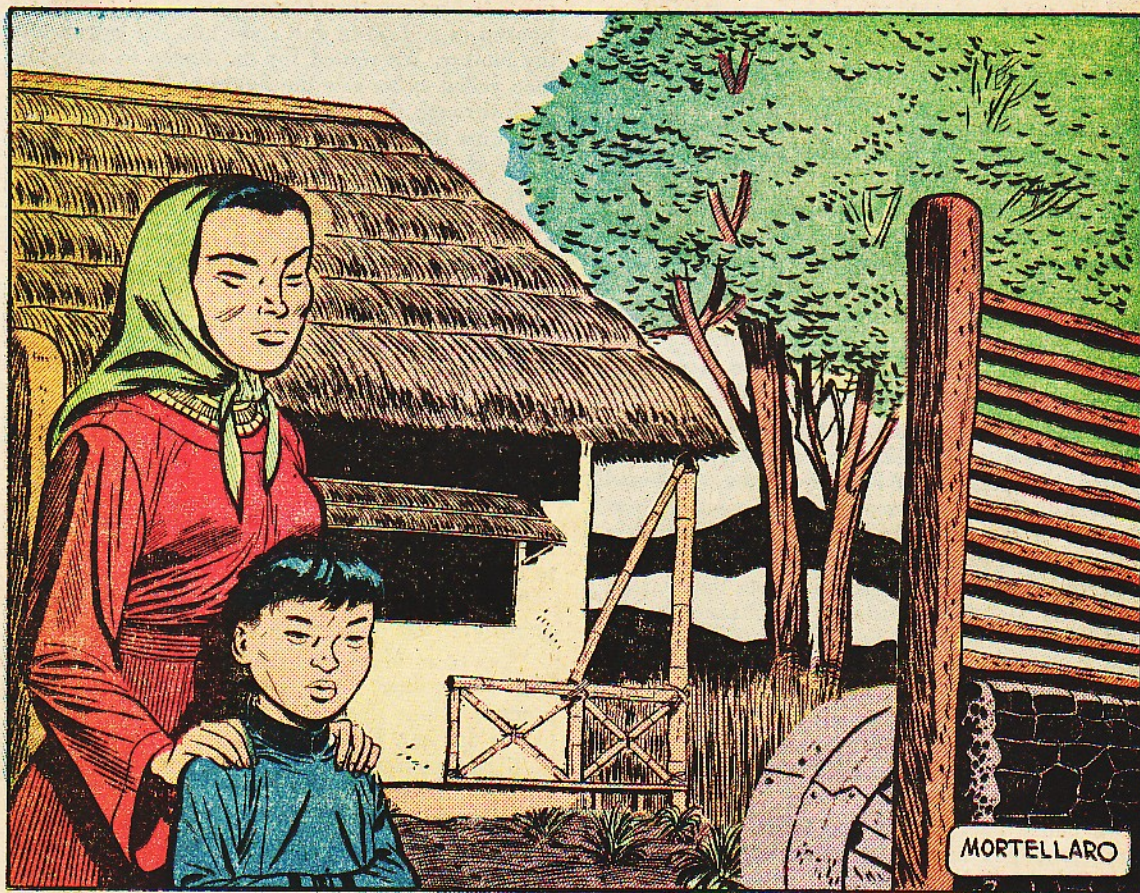
Adams didn't say much when he left us a couple of months later. Didn't even let on that he knew about the money. Just waved a fist at us and stepped into an airplane and that was that.

It's spring now. Baseball time. And there's a kid named Adams chucking for the Giants this season. At least trying to. And he'll stick. Anybody who throws a curve the way he does can't miss. I know. I saw him throw one.



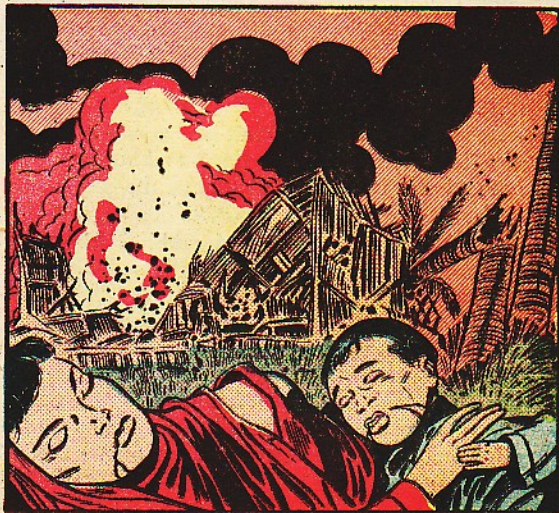
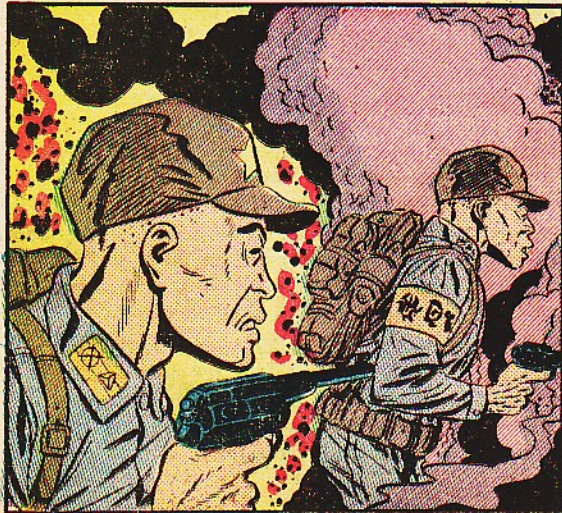
# A PLOT OF LAND!

... IT WASN'T MUCH, JUST A MUD HUT, A FEW DRIED OUT CROPS, AND A SMALL PLOT OF LAND... NO, IT WASN'T MUCH... BUT IT WAS HOME! AND A MAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE... NO MATTER WHAT IT IS...



MORTELLARO

**B**UT THE TIDE OF BATTLE RAGED OVER THE ... **DESOLATION!** A MAN'S HOPES AND DREAMS  
SMALL PLOT OF LAND AND IN ITS WAKE LEFT... TRAMPLED IN THE MUD OF A PLOT OF LAND!





**BUT TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOILS. AND AS THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNED, THE SMALL PLOT OF LAND FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE YANKS...**



**DIG IN, YOU GYRENES... AND MAKE IT GOOD! WE'RE LIABLE TO BE HERE A LONG TIME!**

**AWGH! THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID 'AT SEOUL... AND WE PULLED BACK THE NEXT DAY!**



**HOLY COW! WHAT A FARM! NOTHIN' BUT SAND AND ROCKS! NOW IF IT'S FARMIN' LAND YOU WANT, I GOT ME A SPOT ALL PICKED OUT IN KANSAS THAT'LL MAKE THIS PLACE LOOK LIKE A PRISON ROCK PILE!**



**HEY, LOOK AT THAT GOOK POKING AROUND! THINK MAYBE HE'S A SPY?**

**BETTER GO SEE, COOKE! CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE ANY CHANCES!**



**HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' AROUND HERE, MAC? NOT THINKIN' OF SETTIN' ANY BOOBY TRAPS, ARE YA?**

**BOOBY TRAPS? N-NO, I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I... I JUST WANT TO BURY MY WIFE AND CHILD. IT IS ONLY PROPER THAT THEY REST ON THEIR OWN PROPERTY!**



**THIS PROPERTY YOURS? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! WHAT DO YA WANTA WORRY ABOUT THIS SAND TRAP. FOR?**

**THIS SAND TRAP, AS YOU CALL IT, BELONGED TO MY FATHER'S FATHER BEFORE HIM AND IT WILL BELONG TO MY SON WHEN HE RETURNS! A MAN IS A KING WHEN HE OWNS A PLOT OF LAND!**

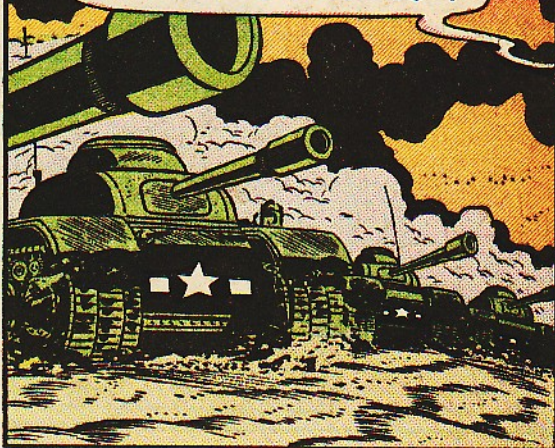




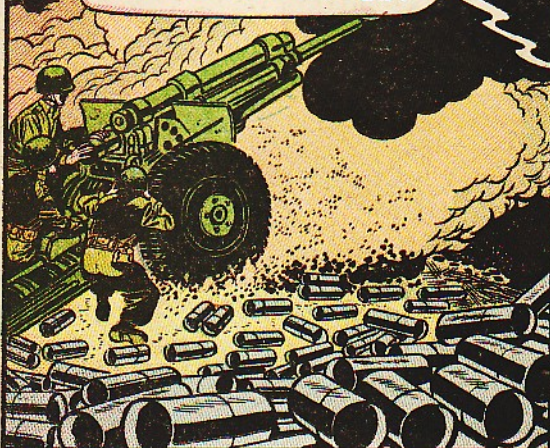
THIS LAND IS NOTHIN', I TELL YA... **NOTHING!** RIGHT NOW, IT BELONGS TO THE MEN YA SEE OUT IN THOSE FOXHOLES! AND THEY'RE MORE IMPORTANT THAN THIS ROCKPILE WILL **EVER** BE!



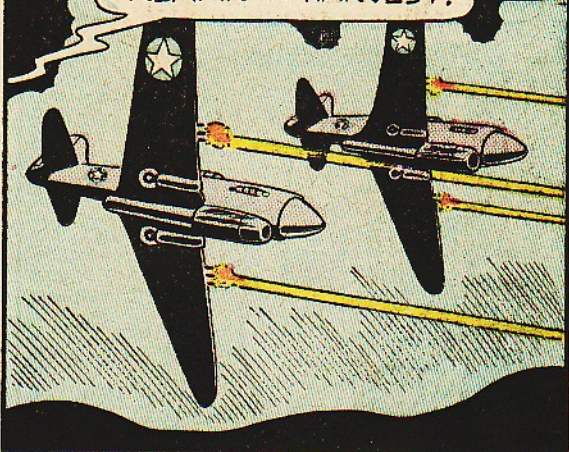
AND IF THE MEN CAN'T HOLD IT, THE **TANKS** WILL... TANKS CAN HOLD **ANY-THING**... EVEN SOMETHING AS UNIM-PORTANT AS **THIS PLOT!**



AND THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' GONNA GROW **HERE** FOR A LONG TIME... UNLESS YA CALL THOSE EMPTY 105 CASES SEEDLINGS!



AND IF YA NEED ANY FERTILIZER, THOSE FLY-BOYS WILL BE GLAD TO POUR IT ON FOR YA! THEY'RE PRETTY GOOD AT REAPIN' A HARVEST!



B-BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THIS WILL ALL PASS... IT WILL SOON...

NUTS TO THAT, MAC! AND EVEN IF IT DOES, WHAT HAVE YA GOT HERE? A **GARBAGE HEAP**, THAT'S ALL!



**INCOMIN' MAIL!**

**HIT THE DIRT, MAC!**

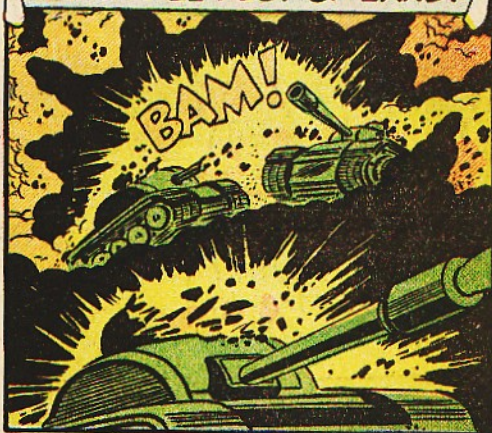




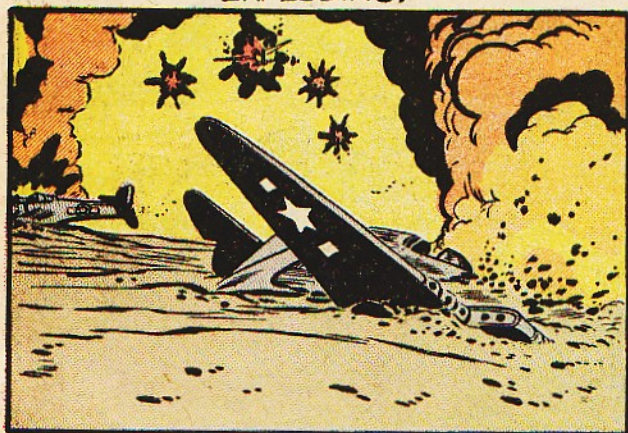
**T**HE BATTLE RAGED BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE TINY PLOT OF LAND... FIRST ONE SIDE HAVING THE ADVANTAGE AND THEN THE OTHER. THE BLOOD FROM EACH ARMY SEEPED INTO THE SANDY SOIL... AS MEN GASPED, THEN DIED...



**T**HE JUGGERNAUTS SPIT THEIR LEAD AND THEN WERE HIT BY HOT STEEL, AND THEY, TOO, COUGHED OUT THEIR GUTS INTO THE SMALL PLOT OF LAND!



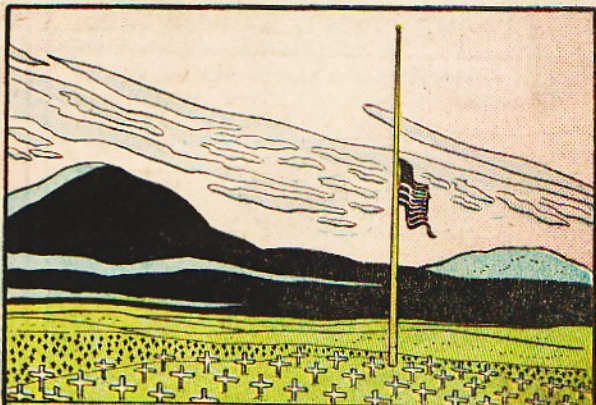
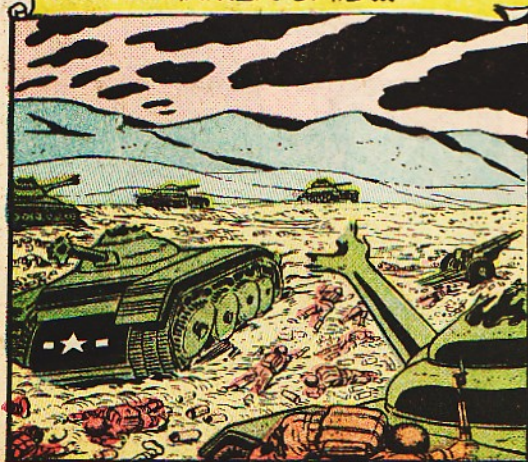
**T**HE ACCURATE COMMIE FLAK TRACED THE FIGHTER ACROSS THE SKY, AND THEN... WHAM! \$500,000 WORTH OF MACHINERY STAGGERED, THEN PLUNGED ITS WAY EARTHWARD... PLOWING UP THE GROUND AND EXPLODING!



I'M HIT...  
**CORPSMAN!**  
**CORPS...**



**T**HE WAR RAGED NORTHWARD, LEAVING IN ITS WAKE THE ASHES OF BATTLE, AND AS THE FARMER SAID...



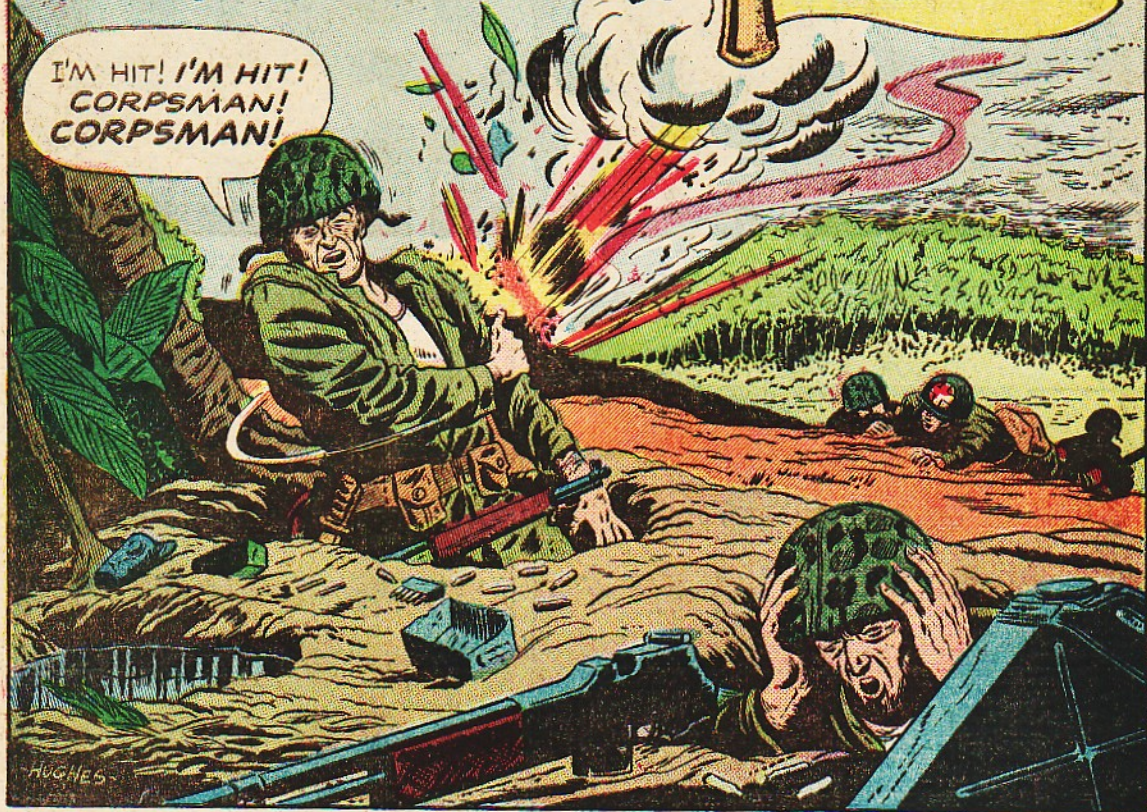
...THE **PLOT OF LAND** IS SUPREME, FOR A MAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE. AND AFTER THIS IS ALL OVER, ONLY THE LAND WILL REMAIN, HARBORING TO ITS BREAST THE ASHES OF THE MEN WHO WOULD FIGHT TO PROVE THEIR SUPREMACY OVER IT!



# A PINT OF PLASMA!

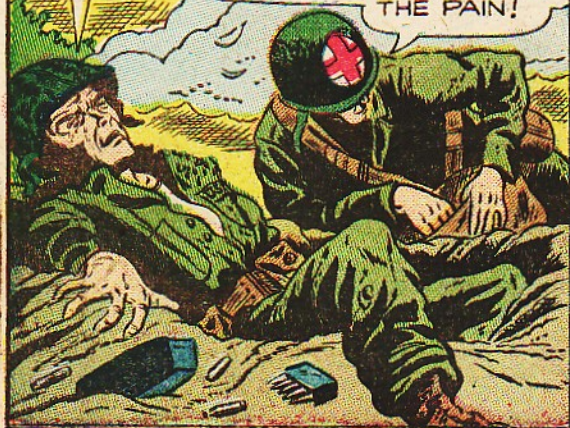
THIS ALL BEGAN AT GUADALCANAL... THE RUGGED CANAL... WHERE A MAN EASILY GAVE HIS BLOOD...AND JUST AS EASILY OF HIS LIFE! BUT DON LUND HAD ONLY TO GIVE HIS BLOOD THAT DAY...

I'M HIT! I'M HIT!  
CORPSMAN!  
CORPSMAN!



I DON'T WANT  
TO DIE! I  
DON'T WANT  
TO DIE!

TAKE IT EASY, GYRENE...  
EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE  
OKAY! AS SOON AS I  
GIVE YOU THIS MORPHINE,  
YOU WON'T EVEN FEEL  
THE PAIN!



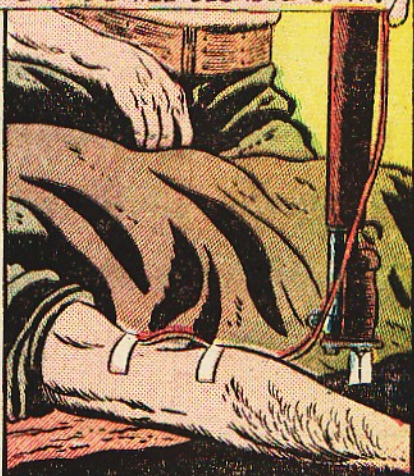
DIRTY YELLOW...I'LL GET  
THEM FOR THIS! WHEN  
THIS WAR IS OVER WE  
OUGHTA BLOW THAT  
ISLAND RIGHT OUT  
OF THE WATER!



AT THAT MOMENT AN INBORN  
HATRED OF THE JAPANESE WAS  
INSTILLED IN DON'S MIND...A HATRED  
HE WOULD NEVER GET OVER...



**D**ON HAD LOST A LOT OF BLOOD AND IT WAS NECESSARY TO REPLACE IT. THEY HUNG THE PINT OF PLASMA OVER HIM AND THE CRIMSON LIFE-GIVING FLUID PULSED DOWN THE RUBBER TUBE AND INTO HIS ARM...AND A MAN'S LIFE WAS SAVED BECAUSE OF IT!

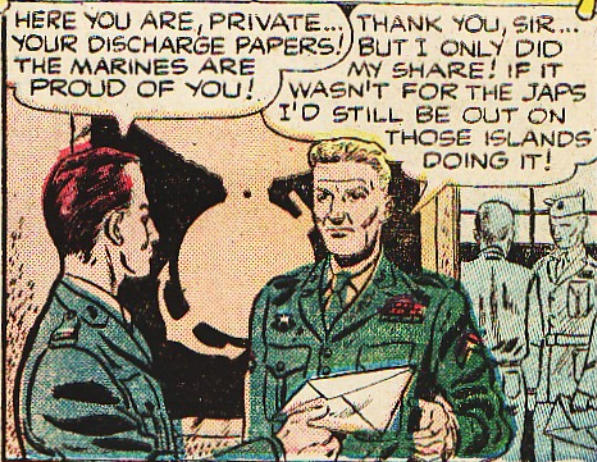


**B**UT DON WAS NO LONGER A FIGHTING MAN BY MARINE STANDARDS AND THEY SHIPPED HIM HOME...AND HE DIDN'T LIKE IT!



I'LL GET EVEN WITH THOSE JAPS...IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! I'LL GET EVEN!

AS FAR AS THIS WAR WAS CONCERNED, IT WAS ALL OVER FOR DON... AND HE WAS DISCHARGED...



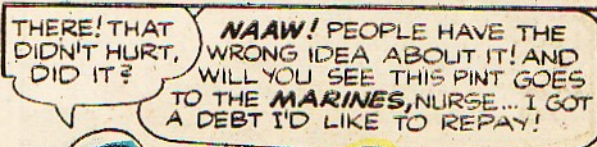
HERE YOU ARE, PRIVATE... YOUR DISCHARGE PAPERS! THE MARINES ARE PROUD OF YOU!

THANK YOU, SIR... BUT I ONLY DID MY SHARE! IF IT WASN'T FOR THE JAPS I'D STILL BE OUT ON THOSE ISLANDS DOING IT!

**T**IME PASSED QUICKLY AND BEFORE THE NATION COULD FORGET ABOUT ONE WAR, IT WAS INVOLVED IN ANOTHER!

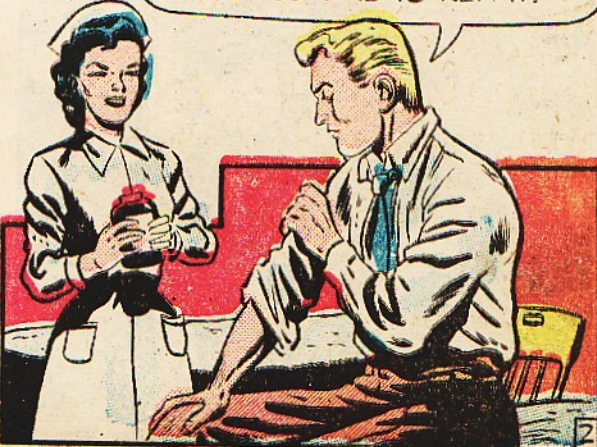


**WAR AGAIN!** THINK I'LL DO MY SHARE BY GIVING BACK THAT PINT OF BLOOD... CAN'T TELL WHOSE LIFE IT MAY SAVE!



THERE! THAT DIDN'T HURT, DID IT?

**NAAW!** PEOPLE HAVE THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT IT! AND WILL YOU SEE THIS PINT GOES TO THE MARINES, NURSE... I GOT A DEBT I'D LIKE TO REPAY!





**T**HE MONTHS PASSED QUICKLY AND STILL THE FIGHTING IN KOREA CONTINUED... AND FINALLY...



THAT DOES IT, LUND! YOU'RE BACK IN THE MARINE CORPS AGAIN!

YEAH, A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL THINK I'M CRAZY FOR DOING THIS, BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS A MAN JUST HAS TO DO!

**DON LUND...YA OLD GOOF-OFF!** HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THAT DAY YOU WERE HIT AT THE CANAL!

**SARGE!** YA OLD WARHORSE! BOY, IT SURE IS GOOD TO SEE SOMEBODY I KNOW! ALL I SEE DOWN HERE ARE YOUNG RECRUITS! US OLD TIME MARINES BETTER STICK TOGETHER!



HAVEN'T SEEN THE BOYS SINCE '46! ANY OF THE OLD SQUAD STILL AROUND?

**NAAW!** ALL I'VE GOT NOW ARE A BUNCH OF YOUNG KIDS IN MY SQUAD! AND SINCE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WITH ANY EXPERIENCE, I'M PUTTIN' YOU SECOND IN COMMAND! YOU'RE GONNA HELP ME TURN THIS BATCH OF SCARECROWS INTO A SQUAD OF **FIGHTING MARINES!**



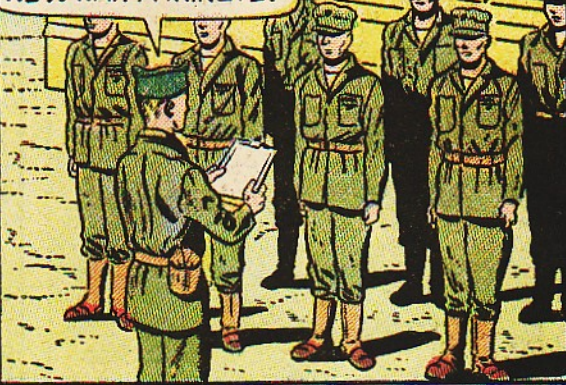
ALL RIGHT, NOW ANSWER **HERE** WHEN YOU HEAR YOUR NAMES!

**HERE!**

**HERE!**

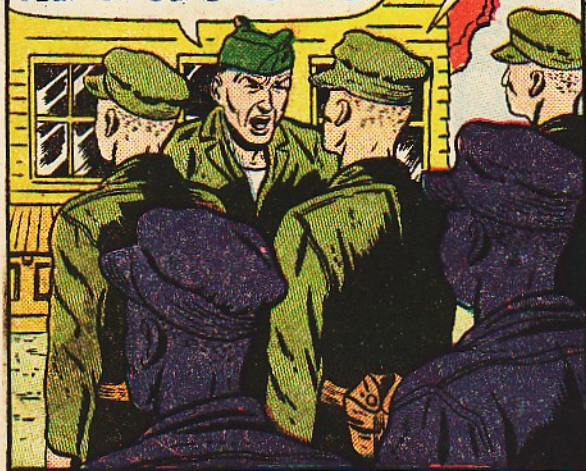
LARSON...COHEN...WARD... DUNN...YAMASHITA... MORSE... **HEY!** WAIT A MINUTE!

**HERE!**



SO NOW WE'VE GOT **JAPS** IN THE MARINES! BROTHER, WHAT'S THIS ARMY COMING TO? TELL ME, JAP...EVER BEEN ON GUADALCANAL?

YES, SIR, BUT I WAS...

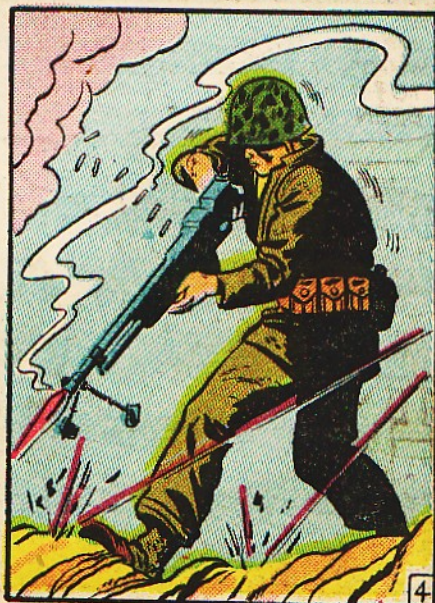


I DON'T CARE **WHAT** YOU WAS.. ALL I KNOW IS YOU **WERE** ON "THE CANAL"! FOR ALL I KNOW **YOU** MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE ONE WHO THREW THE GRENADE THAT GOT ME! BUT NOW I'M OUT TO GET **YOU!** I'M GONNA BE ROUGH AS A COB ON YOU, JAP...SO STAY OUTA MY WAY AND KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN!

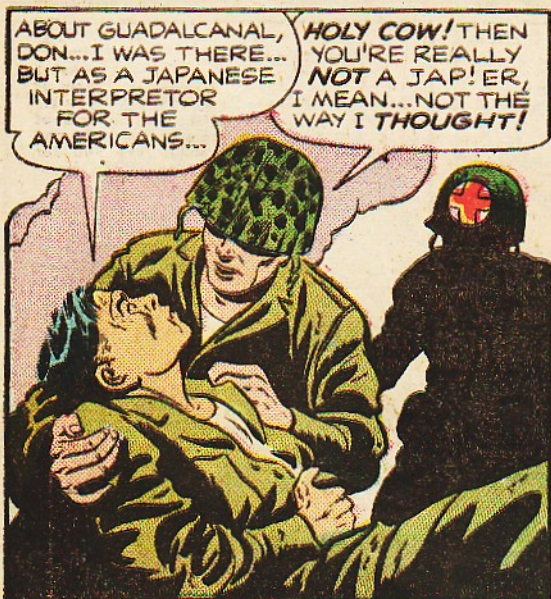




**A** FEW WEEKS LATER AND THE SQUAD WAS IN FIGHTING TRIM. A FEW MONTHS LATER AND THEY WERE USING THEIR KNOWLEDGE TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE... ON THE BLOODY PENINSULA OF KOREA!









She'll be your "Dream Girl"  
You'll "Bewitch" her with it



Daring  
"BLACK  
MAGIC"



"DREAM GIRL" She'll look alluring, breathtaking, enticing, exotic . . . Just picture her in it . . . beautiful, fascinating SEE-THRU sheer. Naughty but nice . . . It's French Fashion finery . . . with peek-a-boo magic lace . . . Gorgeously transparent yet completely practical (washes like a dream . . . will not shrink). Has lacy waistline, lacy shoulder straps and everything to make her love you for it. A charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion . . . In gorgeous Black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHION DEPT. 103,  
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me DREAM GIRL gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90¢ postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

# Heaven Sent

## Oriental Magic



Out of the pages of the Arabian Nights comes this glamorous sheer Harem pajama. She'll look beguiling, alluring, irresistible, enticing. She'll thrill to the sleek, clinging wispy appeal that they will give her. She'll love you for transplanting her to a dream world of adoration centuries old. Brief figure hugging top gives flattering appeal to its daring bare midriff. Doubled at the right places it's the perfect answer for hostess wear. Billowing sheer bottoms for rich luxurious lounging. She'll adore you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In wispy sheer black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 272,  
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Please send HEAVEN SENT gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90¢ postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

# Black Sorcery



Daring  
Bare-back  
She'll be  
entranced  
with it

Your Dream Girl will be an exquisite vision of allurements, charm, fascination and loveliness in this exotic, bewitching, daring, bare-back, filmy sheer gown. Its delicate, translucent fabric (washes like a dream) will not shrink. Paris at home, with this cleverly designed halter neck that ties or unties at the flick of a finger. Lavishly laced midriff and peek-a-boo bottom. She'll love you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In exquisite black sheer.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 392,  
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send BLACK SORCERY gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90¢ postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



# LEARN TO DANCE

IN YOUR OWN HOME...in **1** WEEK...or  
**DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!**

**Sensational New "Tell-and-Show" Way  
Enables You To Learn A Complete,  
New Dance Each Evening!**

**NOW  
DANCE  
THE**

This new speed-method makes learning to dance so simple, quick and easy — you will amaze your friends in one single week! You'll be able to say "good-bye" to loneliness and "hello" to fun and romance. Of course, if you enjoy being a wallflower this easy, quick, self-teaching method is not for you. But, if you want to get out of your rut and start living — send for this Complete Dance Instruction Course on our **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** You have nothing to lose, and popularity and good times to gain, so act now! For your promptness, we include without extra charge, a wonderful book of Square Dances.



A picture of a dancing couple shows you each step and movement; easy follow-the-foot-print drawings for every step of each complete dance. Simple-to-read instructions. All together, this new speed-method makes it easy and quick to learn to dance.



**FOX-TROT RHUMBA  
SAMBA CONGA  
TANGO LINDY JITTERBUG  
SQUARE DANCES**

**BE POPULAR . . . GET MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE**

The good dancers have the best times . . . get the most invitations. Here's your chance to own this new, complete, Short-Cut Course

to expert dancing. And, **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** if it isn't everything we say it is. The bonus book of Square Dances is yours.



**BONUS  
for  
PROMPTNESS**

Act today — and for your promptness we send you, without extra charge, a complete book of Square Dances. To mail the coupon cut!



**DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!**

You must learn to dance, in the privacy of your own home, in 7 days, or you may return the Complete Course of Dance Instruction for immediate refund of double your purchase price. The Bonus Book of Square Dances is yours to keep.

**PICKWICK CO.**

Box 463, Midtown Sta., New York 18, N. Y.

**COMPLETE COURSE of  
DANCE INSTRUCTION ONLY \$1.98**

**MAIL DOUBLE REFUND COUPON NOW!**

**PICKWICK CO., Dept. SPM,**

**Box 463, Midtown Station, New York 18**

Send, at once, the Complete Course of Dance Instruction. For my promptness, include the Book of Square Dances. On delivery, will pay postman just \$1.98 plus postage. If not delighted and thrilled within 7 days, may return the Dance Course for REFUND OF DOUBLE THE PURCHASE PRICE. The Book of Square Dances is mine to keep.

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

☐ **SAVE MONEY:** Send payment now, and we pay the 48c postage. No APO, FPO, or Foreign C.O.D.'s.



Reducing Specialist Says:  
**LOSE WEIGHT**

Where  
It  
Shows  
Most

**REDUCE**

MOST ANY  
PART OF  
THE  
BODY WITH



UNDERWRITERS  
LABORATORY  
APPROVED

**Spot Reducer**

**Relaxing • Soothing  
Penetrating Massage**



**PLUG IN  
GRASP  
HANDLE  
AND  
APPLY**

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

**L**IKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

**YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME**

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handily made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

**TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!**

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON NOW!

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Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



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A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

**LOSE WEIGHT  
OR NO CHARGE**

**USED BY EXPERTS**

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

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SOLDIERS

SAILORS

WACS

MORTARS

MARINES

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